

Paddy Carev: 78

The Roving Bachelor.

The Lass of Ballochmyle.



KILMARNOCK:

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PADDY CAREY'S FORTUNE.

T WAS at the town of nate Clogheen,
That Sergeant Snapp met Paddy Carey;
A claner boy was never seen,
Bright as a bee, light as a fairy:
His brawney shoulders four feet square;
His cheeks like thumping red potatoes;
His legs would make a chairman stare!
And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies!



Old and young, grave or sad,
Deaf and dumb, dull or mad,
Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
Light, brisk, and airy,—
All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
From Mullinavat to Maghera-felt,
At Paddy's beautiful name would melt!
The sows would cry, and look so shy,
Och! Cushtamachree, did you never see
They jolly boy, the darling joy, the ladies' toy,
Nimble-footed, black-ey'd, rosy-cheek'd,
Curly-headed, Paddy Carey!
O, sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy!
Nate little, tight little, Paddy Carey.

His heart was made of Irish oak,

Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney

His tongue was tipt with a bit o' th' brogue,

But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney.

Now Sergeant Snapp, so sly and keen,

While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd Mary,

A shilling slipt, so nate and clane,

By th' powers! he listed Paddy Carey!

Tight and sound—strong and light—

Cheeks so round—eyes so bright—

Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,

Light, tight, and airy!

All the sweet faces at Limerick, &c.

The sowl's wept loud, the crowd was great,

When waddling forth came Widow Leary,

Tho' she was cripp'l'd in her gait,

Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Carey:

'Och, Pat!' she cryed—'go, buy the ring;

'Here's cash galliore, my darling honey,'

Says Pat, 'you sowl! I'll do that thing,'

And clapt his thumb upon her money.

Gimlet eye,—sausaga nose,—

Pat so sly—ogle throws.—

Leering,—tittering,—jeering,—frittering,

Sweet Widow Leary!

All the sweet faces at Limerick, &c.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,
 He press'd the lips of Mistress Leary,
 And mounting straight a large cockade,
 In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey!
 He grateful praised her shape, her back;
 To others like a dromedary;
 Her eyes, that seem'd their strings to crack,
 Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey.
 Nate and sweet,—no alloy—
 All complete,—love and joy,
 Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,
 Dear Widow Leary!
 All the sweet faces at Lim'rick races,
 From Mullinavat to Maghera-felt,
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt.
 The sows all cry as the groom struts by,
 Och! Cushlamachree, thou art lost to me!
 The jolly boy! the darling boy!
 The ladies' toy! the widow's joy!
 Long sword-girded nate, short skirted,
 Head cropt, whiskers chopp'd,
 Captain Carey!
 O, sweet Paddy! beautiful Paddy!
 White-feather'd, boot-leather'd, Paddy Carey,

THE ROVING BACHELOR.

WHEN I was a bachelor airy and young,
 I followed the raking trade,
 And all my whole delight it was
 In courting one fair maid.

I courted her on winter nights,
 And summer days also,
 But still her answer was to me,
 O no, O no, Sir, no.

I being grieved at the same,
 I bade my love adieu,
 But did perceive she was inclin'd
 That I should still pursue.
 Farewell, I cry'd, my dearest dear,
 No longer will I stay,
 But soon as morning light appears,
 I shall go hence away.

My love came to my chamber door,
 As I lay fast asleep,
 And there my love did mourn, Sir,
 And there my love did weep,
 She wrung her hands, and tore her hair,
 And she cry'd what shall I do?
 Alas! alas! I'm sore afraid
 Of that thing call'd Bug-a-boo.

I rose from bed, and softly crept
 My chamber door unto,
 And said, my dearest dear come in,
 For fear of Bug-a-boo.

I clasp'd my arms around her waist,
 Led her my bed unto
 And still she cry'd, oh I'm afraid
 Of that ugly Bug-a-boo.

The first part of that happy night
 We did both sport and play,
 And then my love lay in my arms
 Until that it was day.
 But when day-light it did appear,
 She cry'd I am undone;
 I said my dear be not afraid
 For the Bug-a-boo is gone.

The very next day I married her,
 She proves a virtuous wife,
 I nourish her, I cherish her,
 I love her as my life,
 I ne'er upbraid her with the same,
 Nor ne'er intend to do,
 But when she looks and smiles on me,
 I think on Bug-a-boo.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas e'en, the dewy fields were green,
 On ev'ry blade the pearls hang;
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along.
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except when greenwood echoes rang
 Among the braes of Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy:
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like Nature's vernal smile;
 The lily's hue and rose's dye,
 Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Far is the morn in flow'ry May,
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
 But woman, Nature's darling child,
 Where all her charms she does compile;
 Er'n there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 'Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry step,
 Where fame and honour lofty shine;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward sink the Indian mine.
 Gie me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And ev'ry day has joys divine
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

FINIS.

